



No. 4

THE 4th BIG ISSUE OF-

10¢

BEST OF THE WEST

BEST of the WEST

STRAIGHT
ARROW

DURANGO
KID

THE
GHOST RIDER

THE
TIM
HOLT



ROBBERS

BATTLES

ROBBERS

Rocketman OUT OF THIS WORLD

SPACE STORIES OF THE FUTURE

New
Seaborn

NOW!
98¢

• The Leader

Extra Extreme Form



1970-1971
1971-1972

It is important to remember that the PPI results in this study are not directly comparable with those of the other studies, as the PPIs were not necessarily the same in all studies.

— 10 —

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EVERY DAY, TODAY

STRAIGHT ARROW

THE PLAINS HOBGINS PAINTED THEIR BODIES AS THEY DID THEIR SHIELDS AND TIPPIES — AND EACH PALE OF PAINT STOOD FOR SOME DEEP OF VALOR!... OF ALL COMANCHE WARRIORS, FEATHER-HAT AND HIS MATE AS STRAIGHT ARROWY — AND NONE ROUSED THE HUE OF FEATHER-HAT SO MUCH! FOR FEATHER-HAT KNEW THE KEEN BITE OF JEALOUSY, FEARING THAT HE HIMSELF SHOULD BE PERVERSED TO VAE!

THE MARKS OF A WARRIOR

Carl Breyer

THIS IS THE TALE OF STRAIGHT ARROW'S MARKINGS! THE WILLOW SLASH ON HIS ARM SPEAKS TO THE COMANCHE EYE OF THE DAY WHEN A THIN BLACK PLUME OF SMOKE ROSE FROM A SANDSTONE MESASITO —

IN ANSWER TO THAT SIGNAL —

CHOW JOWY THWEEY
WYAAA-HA!



HE IS THE FIRST MAN TO TOUCH THE
LIGHT, THUS COUNTING A CROW...

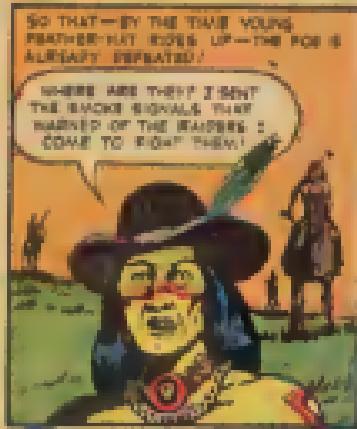


HE IS THE FIRST MARQUIS TO FIND A CROW...



SO THAT—BY THE TIME YOUNG
FEATHER-HAT ROSES UP—THE POE IS
ALREADY DEFEATED!

WHERE ARE THEY? I SENT
THE BLACK SIGNALS THAT
WARNED OF THE INTRUDERS. I
COME TO FIGHT THEM!



HE COMES TO
FIGHT — HAH! HAH!

FOOT FEATHER-HAT?
STRAIGHT ARROW THIS HERB!
WE RIP ALL THE FIGHTERS! YOU
NOT HAD NO MORE ENEMIES
LEFT TO FIGHT! HAH! HAH!



THE RED SURROUNDING ON
HIS CHEST TELLS ON THE COME
RAB IN THE YEAR OF THE
FROZEN WOMAN...

CRAB! HAH! HAH! —
EATING THE BUFFALO
FORTRESS! ANYHAW!
CRAB! HAH! HAH!



WANT PAPER?
MY POY IS
BURNALIST! I
MUST ROPE
A FRESH ONE
— HAH! HAH!

NO TIME TO
WANT,
FEATHER-HAT



THE WINTER SHOWS FLY EARLY!
THE BUFFALO HERDS ARE ROLLING
FAST! IF WE LOSE THE REST OF
THIS HUNT—OUR PEOPLE WILL
STARVE IN THE TIME OF THE
FALLING SNOW!

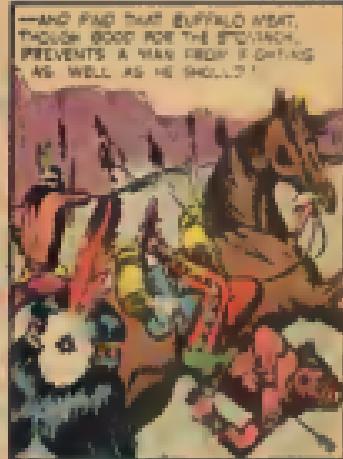


WAD WITH RAGE FEATHER-HAT FLUGS HIS NEW PONY INTO THE SNOWFLAKES.

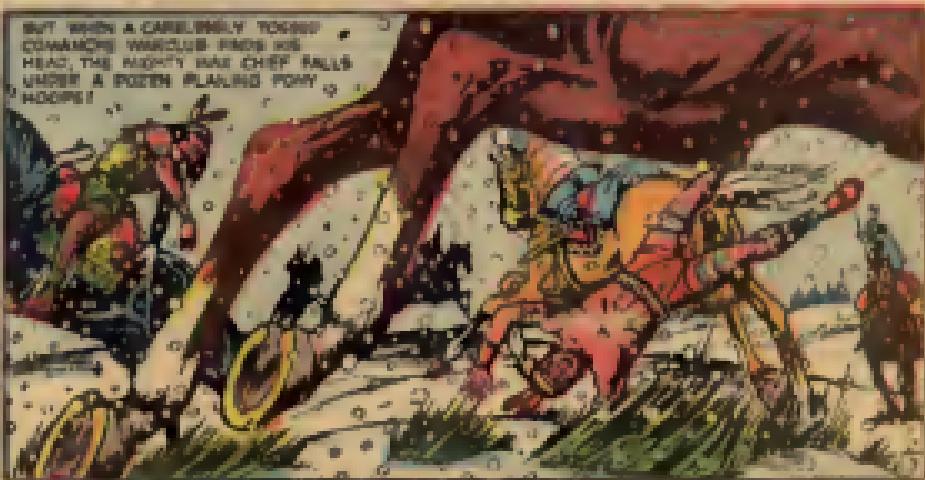
ON THAT FALCONING STRAIGHT ARROW WILL GET THERE AHEAD OF ME! HE WILL GET ALL THE GLORY!

AFTER THIS SUDDEN ATTACK THE CHIEF WAS pretty BURDENED ITSELF WITH STOLEN BUFFALO HIDES AND MEAT.

—AND FIND THAT BUFFALO MEAT, THOUGH GOOD FOR THE STOMACH, PREVENTS A MAN FROM FIGHTING AS WELL AS HE SHOULD!



BUT WHEN A CARELESSLY THROWN COMAMORE WARLACE PINS HIS HEAD, THE MIGHTY WAR CHIEF FALLS UNDER A FROZEN PLUNGED PONY.





MOVED BY THE HATE THAT
BURNED IN HIM, FEATHER-HAT
EXCELS IN WRESTLING —

“THIS WOULD I TREAT
STRAIGHT ARROW, IF HE
DARES MEET ME HAND
TO HAND!”



—AND IN ARCHERY!

NO COMANCHE WAS
SUCH A STEADY HAND
ON A BOW AS STRAIGHT
ARROW! NOT
EVEN STRAIGHT ARROW!



AS HE LIES WITH PAIN IN HIS BURNED
LID, STRAIGHT ARROW BURNS AT
FEATHER-HAT'S BRAVEST WORDS...

“THAT BAG
OF WIND!”

“NO! STRAIGHT ARROW!
YOU MUST NOT
WALK!”



“NO BRAVADO! I
HEAR YOUR WORDS,
SO YOU CAN WRESTLE,
CAN YOU? WELL —
I WILL WRESTLE
YOU!”

“WHAT?”



FOR A MOMENT FEATHER-HAT FEELS HIS INSECTS
CONGEAL IN A FROZEN KNOT! AND THEN —

“FOR ONCE I SHALL REVEAL THE
TRUTH TO OUT PEOPLE — THAT I
DO ALL THE WORK — AND THEY
GET ALL THE GLORY!”

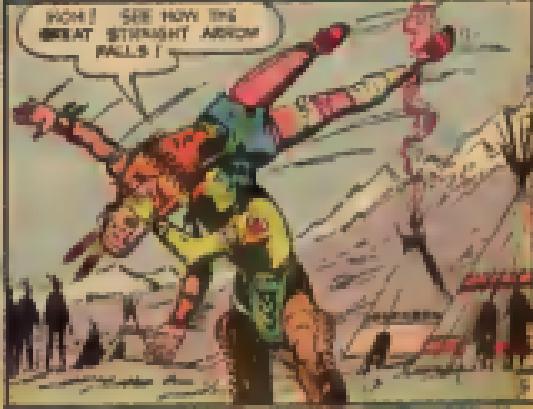


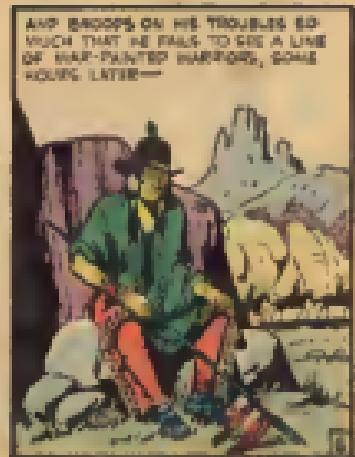
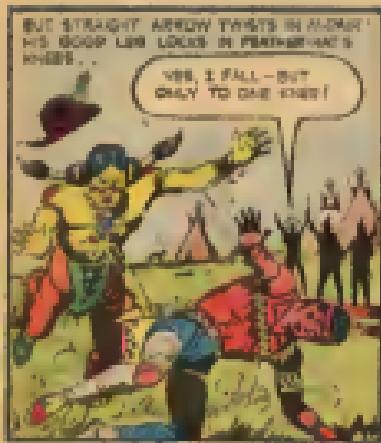
LIKE A STEEDED SNAKE, WITHOUT A
SOUND OF WARNING, FEATHER-HAT LEAPS
FORWARD!

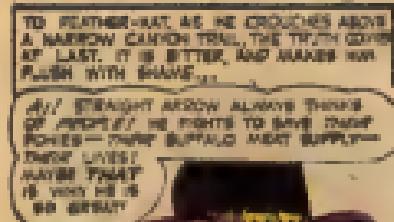
“I'LL SHOW YOU
WHICH IS THE
BETTER MAN!”



“HOH! SEE HOW THE
GREAT STRAIGHT ARROW
FALLS!”







GALLOPING BELOW THE
CANTON RIO, STRAIGHT
ARROW ACTS AS BAIT,
LURING THE YELLING
APACHES TO THE HIDDEN
TRAP...

SHOOT,
WARRIOR-MATE! WHY
DO YOU NOT SHOOT?



NO FIRE SIGNAL SENDS ITS
SMOKE UPWARD TO THE
SKY TO MARCH THE VILLAGE!



I'LL SEND MY OWN SIGNAL!
A FIRE-ARROW INTO A GIANT
CACTUS WILL SET IT ABLAZE!



THE PRICKLY NEEDLES
OF THE GIANT SAGUARO
CACTUS BURN LIKE
DRY TINDER! SOON A
THICK SMOKE OF
BACON LIFTS INTO THE
AIR!



EVEN AS STRAIGHT ARROW FLEES LIKE THE WIND ON THE GREAT
GOLDEN PAULANO, LURING THE APACHES WITH HIM—THE COMANCHES
CHARGE TO THE ATTACK!

THOSE ARE THE
APACHE! FIGHT THEM!



LATER, AFTER THE APACHES HAVE BEEN
ROUTED...

PLACE UP A NEW DESIGN
FOR HIS BODY WARPAINT, OLD COWY
MAKES ONE THAT NO COMANCHE HAS
EVER SEEN BEFORE! A DESIGN THAT
ONLY STRAIGHT ARROW IS FIT TO
WEAR!



STRAIGHT ARROW—WHO THINKS
OF HIS PEOPLE FIRST, AND NEVER
OF HIMSELF—is the GREATEST MAN
AMONG ALL OUR PEOPLE!



BIG CHIEF
BOX 772
ROCKFORD, ILL.

WOW!!
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BE A REAL **INDIAN!!**



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98
98

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TO PUT ON
RIGHT!

Have Fun!

THE GHOST RIDER

IT ISN'T A MARSH, THOUGHT WHISPER, THIS SPOT AND AHEAD OF A LONG-AGO MURKIE HE MAN... AND THE TERROR OF THE PLAINS LISTENED WITH HORROR STRUCK HEARTS AND ROLLING EYES, FOR THEY KNEW IT BROKE THE TRUTH... AND THEY DID WHAT IT MEANT... THEY KILLED THOSE WHOSE NAMES IT BREATHE, BECAUSE THEY WORSHIPPED IT! WITH THE HIGHWAY JERK OF THE WIND, THE SPRAUCHEH-NA-SOME, THAT NIGHT IT WAS VEN CALLING!

THE SHRIEKER BEKED, KNOWING HE COULD DO NOTHING AGAINST IT UNLESS HE FIRST FORGED THE GRIEVE TEST OF HANDBY THE

PROPHETIC OF

The Talking HEAD!



ACROSS YAWN WHENCE IT CAME, OR WHAT DREW, CORRECT OR INCORRECT PLAIN IT ONCE HAD KNOWN, BUT SURELY, THE HEAD WAS THERE, AND ALL KNEW IT...

THE HE, ECO, WAS THE PAIN WOMAN—LITTLE AND CHARMED OUT PATRONESS OF THE TALKING HEAD...

“SPEAK, TALKER OF DEATH! SPEAK WITH THE TONGUE THAT LUSHER ALL SECRETS, ONE YOUR EYES SEE EVERYTHING YOU...

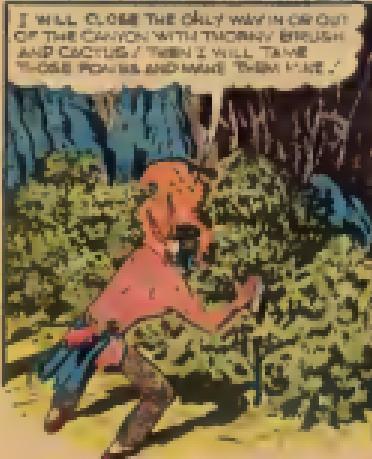
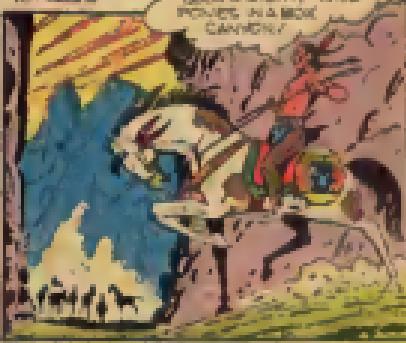




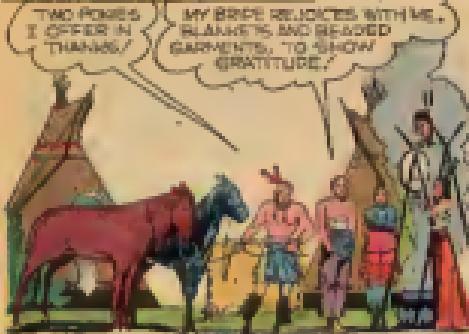
THE PLAINS INDIAN IS A SUPERSTITIOUS MAN, BUT THOUGHT THEY ONLY KILLED HIM FEARFUL, MUMBLING, THEY DRAW AWAY FROM THE HEAD...



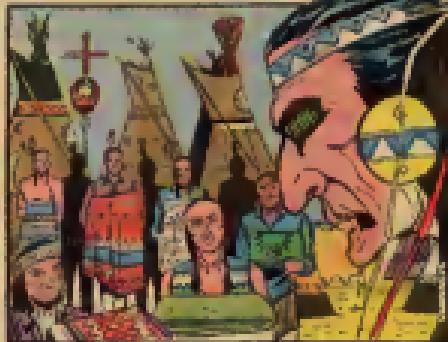
TO RUNAWAY BILL, NEXT DAY THE FUTURE COMES TO PASS...



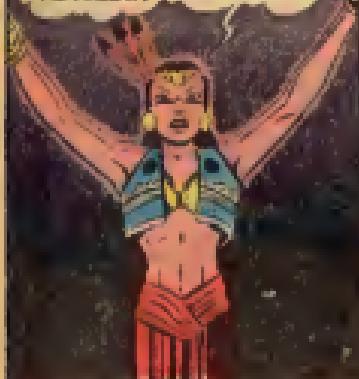
SUCH NEWS TRAVELS LIKE WILDFIRE IN THE DRY SAVANNAH
COUNTRY! THEN—JONAH'S SON RETURNS, AS DOES
WHITE FEATHER, WITH A NEW WIFE...



AND WITH THEM, OTHER INDIANS—CHEYENNES
AND PIUTES, SIOUX AND ARAPAHO, ARDEN
LADEN WITH MANY PRESENTS...



AH, HEAR MY WORDS, PEOPLE OF
THE PLAINS! THAT AWAKEN HAS COME
WITH ME! HE HAS SEEN THE FUTURE
AND IT PROMISES GREAT RICHES
FOR ALL...



LIFT UP YOUR WEAPONS!
GUNS / BOWS / LANCES!
STRIKE OUT ON TO THE
PLAINS, WHERE THE
WANDERS DID THEIR
WHEEL HORSES INTO
INDIAN GROUND! SLAY
THEM / TAKE FROM
THEM THEIR RICHES!



THE TELLING WORDS PREDICT
TO KILL THE WHITE WANDERS!
RAH—I KILLED!

WACK!



THIS BEGAN THE RAIDS THAT ADO
TO TERRORIZE THE FRONTIER...



AND TURN
ONE NIGHT,
ON A HIGH
PEAK OF THE
INDIAN
TERRITORY,

A TALL ANDER ALOUD! THAT IS
THE RUMBLE SWELLING INTO
A ROAR ACROSS THE
PLAINS! IT'S
HORRIBLE — BUT
DAMNEDLY FAMOUS! —
THE SHOUT OF DANGEROUS
WANDERS THAT IS THE
BUSHWHACK, OR —
THE GHOST RIDER!



I SHALL TRAIL THE LATEST
OF THESE SORCERS TO THEIR
TERRENS, THE BR BRANCHES
OF THEM, WRAPPED IN MY
BLACK CLOTH CLOAK, I
SHALL BE INVISBLE!



THE GHOST RIDER LEARNS MUCH FOR
CHINCHINE TONGUES ARE NOT GUARDED
IN THE PRIVACY OF THEIR OWN VILLAINS!



A FLASH OF FIRE LIGHT ON A
STABBING LANCEHEAD, AND—



HANN—
HANN—
SPIRIT OF
THE TOMB!



SHADOWING IN FEAR, THE CHINCHINE
WAGON DROPS TO HIS KNEES, BABBLING
ALL HIS KNOWS...



ANOTHER
NIGHT, IN
THE TEMPE
SACRED
TO THE
HANN
WOMAN





PATE PLAYS A STRANGE TRICK / AS PAWN WOMAN LEAPS UP IN TRIBAL, HER FOOT TRIPS ON THE EARTHEN FLOOR AND SHE FALLS...



I FELL... AND MY HAND CAUGHT IN SOMETHING...
AND DROPPED THIS FROM IT... BUT THIS PART
OF BLACK CLOTH... AND GHOSTS DO NOT
WEAR CLOTHES...



PAWN WOMAN LEAPS DIRECT / SHE
QUICKLY CUTS HER KUFFE, AND
SHOUTS IN TRIUMPH, BUT ONLY
THE GHOSTS AMBUSHED HER...



NEXT NIGHT, AS THE WAGA Y TRIBAL
THROWS HIS BLANKET OF BLACK HIDE
ACROSS THE PRACHEEN, THE PAWN
WOMAN SUMMONS THE CHIEF OF
ALL THE TRIBES...



AHREEZ! UNLESS HE CAN
PROVE HE IS A GHOST—
BY HOLLOWING ON THAT BED
OF ASHES AND LEAVING NO
FOOTPRINT / WE KNOW
HIM FOR A MAN— AND A
MAN CAN DIE IN THE
ZODIAC FIREBIRD...



IN THE SHADOWS, THE GHOST RIDER HEARD HER CRIES WITH FURNISHED EARS...

THIS IS BAD! FROM HEEDINGTH, MY TRICKS WILL NEVER WORK — UNLESS I APPEAR AND MEET THIS MOMENT'S CHALLENGE! BUT — HOW CAN I WALK OVER ASHES WITHOUT LEAVING FOOTPRINTS?



AND THEN, FROM THE DARKNESS, THE GHOST RIDER HEARD — SO SWEETLY THAT HE COULD HEAR IT, FOR THEY WATCH THE FAIR WOMAN —

— USE YOUR BARRIER, FAIR WOMAN! TO PROTECT MY GHOST RIDER, I WALK UPON YOU, ALONE! WATCH!



IN SHAMEFUL AWAREMENT, THE ARMED CHIEFS RAN AS THE FAIR WOMAN LEAVING NO TRACE OF THEIR IMPROVEMENTS, ONTO THE GHOST RIDER'S LEVER OF ASHES!



— AND — WE LEARNED AND LEARNED, THOUGHT OF ART AS A GHOST.

IN SLOTHING TERRIFY, THE FAIR WOMAN SHOUTS LOUDLY, MOANING...

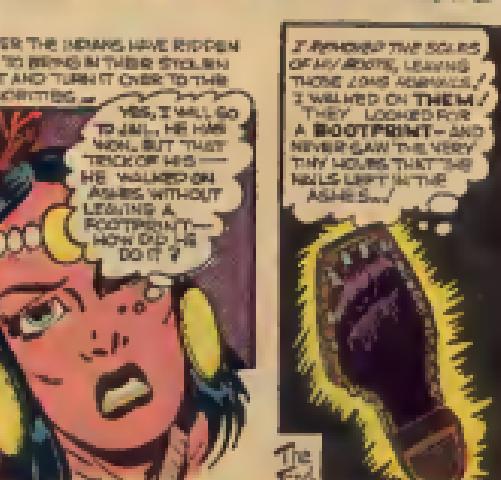
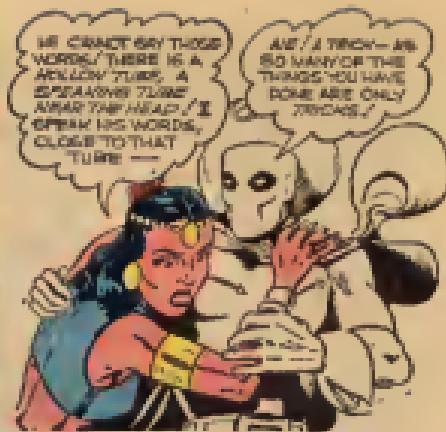
STEP FORWARD, YOU SO-CALLED GHOST! DO NOT WALK IN BANDING THE FAIR WOMAN, ACCEPT MY DART — OR MOREOVER BE A HAGGARD...



— AND, FAIR WOMAN, I LEFT YOU AND ABANDONED YOU.

— A GHOST COMES AND GOES, FAIR WOMAN — AND LEAVES, NOTHING BY WHICH TO TELL WHERE HE HAS BEEN.







THE ROBBERS AND
LOOTED IN THE
BULLET COUNTRY.
ALL THE MAN FROM
APACHE ARROYO TO
SILVER CITY —
BUT EVERYTHING
THEY STOLE WAS
WORTHLESS!
FOR THESE
CRIMINALS OF
CACTUS LAND
ROBBED ONLY
FROM 20 TO 40
MILES — AND
INSTEAD OF
THE WILD WEST,
FOUND THEMSELVES
CONFRONTED WITH
THE STRANGEST
CASE IN HIS CRIM-
FIGHTING HISTORY
WHEN HE BOUGHT
TO UNRAVEL THE
MYSTERY OF
THE JUNK
ROBBERS

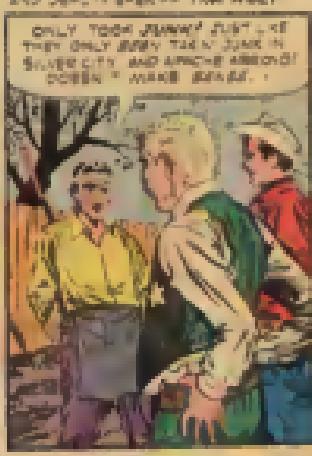
THE JUNK-ROBBERS RODE INTO THE RAIL VARDAS
WITH GUNS BLAZING...



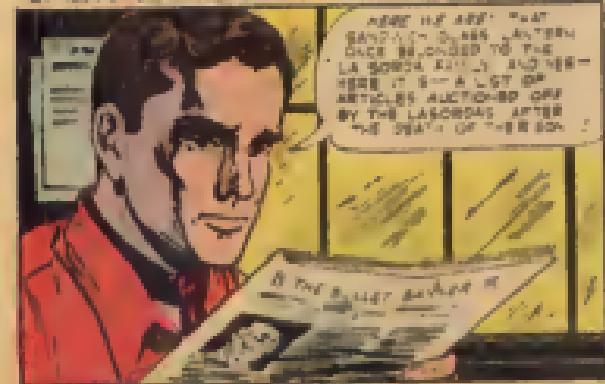
"WITH FRIENDS ACTIVITY THE
ROBBERS FLEW HIGH THIEF MASON—

"THEY THEY ARE NOW IN A
CLOUD OF SUSPICION"

AT DIVEBAR A BANDIT INFORMANT
TELLS HIS STORY TO GLEN OF GLEN
AND DEPUTY SHERIFF TOM ADOLF



AN HOUR LATER IN THE OFFICES OF THE "ELITE" BANNER —



"HERE HAS BEEN THAT
GANG IN DODGE CITY
DICE RECORDED TO THE
LA BORDA, EASY, AND HERE
HERE IT IS — A LOT OF
ARTICLES AUCTIONED OFF
BY THE LABORDA AFTER
THE DEATH OF THE BOY."

"ROB LABORDA WHO
DIED AS 'THE
MADDED KILLER'
DOESN'T GET BACK
HE WAS ONE OF THE
MOST NOTORIOUS
PREDATORS ON THE
EARLY SOUTHWEST."



THE FIVE FROM THE RICO, AND THE
LEGEND OF HIS BAGGAGE LOST
GOT THEM DREW...



SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT COUNTRY
HE HAS HIDDEN THAT LOOT UNTOUCHED
NO MAN KNOWS WHERE...



"WHEN THEY HUNG
ME, HE DIED WITH
A GUN IN HIS
LIPS..."

"YOU ARE
HANGING THE
RICHEST MAN
IN THE
SOUTHWEST,
GENTLEMEN!"



THE WHOLE STORY IS HERE
IN THESE OLD NEWSPAPERS!
BUT—WHEN THOSE JUNK-ROBBERS
HAVE STUMBLED ON IT TOO
PERHAPS, DOWN LA BORDA, HE
A MAP OF WHERE HIS LOOT
IS BURIED. I GIVE OUR
ADVENTURE—AND THAT'S WHAT
THE JUNK-ROBBERS
ARE AFTER!



SOME HOURS LATER, IN THE COURTYARD
ON THE OLD LA BORDA FARM...

"I COME TO ASK A FAVOR
DONNA LAMBORN, I COME
AS THE LAW REARDS TO
APPREHEND CRIMINALS...



"HOW CAN I
HELP? I'LL DO
WHAT I CAN!"

"GOOD. I WANT YOU TO MAKE
A CAREFUL INVENTORY OF ALL
THESE OLD RUGGED THINGS—THEN
SELL IT TO THE LOCAL JUNK
DEALER."



SOME NIGHTS LATER, TIM HOLT DISAPPEARS IN HIS PLACE, THE CIVILIAN CAPITAL OF THE RIO GRANDE,
STANDS OVER AND READS...

"THIS NEWS ITEM OF THE
LA BORDA ISLE WITH THE
JUNK-SELLER OUGHT TO
SEND OUT THE JUNK-ROBBERS
AND WHEN THEY COME OUT OF
HIDE—EVERYTHING WILL BE
HERE TO MEET THEM!"



UNDER THE BRIGHT ARIZONA MOON, THE JUNK BOMBERS STRIKE AGAIN...

LOOK, THAT WAS
SCHOOL TRUTH IN THAT
NEWSPAPER ITEM!

SURE—THERE'S A WHOLE ANOTHER
BATCH OF STUFF FROM THE LA SORDA
HOUSE! I DUNNO KNOW THERE WAS
ANY MORE OF IT...



I DON'T WANT TO STOP
THEM AWAY I'M GOING
TO FOLLOW THEM TO
LEARN WHERE THEIR
HIDEOUT IS!



SOMEWHAT LATER AS THE JUNK
BOMBERS RACE WEST TOWARD RED BUTTES

YOU HOGGERS, BORN ON
MY BROOM'S CANTER BROOM,
I'LL CATCH UP WITH YUN
RED BATTLE.



WHAT THE—WHY THAT'S
REDEYE BACK THERE,
TRAILIN' US...



CAN'T HELP THAT INDIAN,
BROOK! YOU GOT TO GALLON
FLUMPS THERE! I GOT TO TELLIN'
THE OTHERS THAT REDEYE
IS NOT AFTER US!



I TALK
BESIDE FOR
BROOK
AFTER US!

REDEYE HUMPH,
I KNOW HOW TO
DEAL WITH HIM!



YOU CHUCK, AND YOU BRENCHO—
ARE OUR TWO BEST BULL-HONKS
STAY BEHIND! SET YOURSELVES
WHEN REDEYE COMES ROLLIN'
BY—GALLONATE HIM...



"UNDER THE CASCADING WATERS OF INDIAN FALLS SOMETIME LATER, THE REST OF THE JUNK-ROBBERS ENTER THEIR HIDEOUT."



"EAGER THIEVES RIFLE AT OLD CHUBS AND CHESTS —



"SOME MILES BACK, ON THE TRAIL TO THE OUTLAW HIDEOUT —



"TWO RIFLE-BEARERS LEFT... THE FIGURE OF REVENGE IS TRAINED IN BOTH ARMS AS TENDERLY AS LITTLE BOBBY SOUBECK..."



BELOW THE HIDDEN BILLY-MEN—

A DILIGENT MAN UPON THE
ROCKS—NOT JUST A THIN
WITHTHIN BUT A MAN WITH
A MUSCLE! ONE OF THE
JUNIOR ROBBERS! AND ENOUGH
MUSCLE TO GET ON IT TO
HIDE. HE IS THERE!



LATER, AT THE OUTLAW CAMP—

THEY'VE BEEN HERE—AND
ONE MISSING FROM THE
EVACUATED STATE OF THE
FURNITURE AND THE IRON
DEPARTMENT. THEY MUST HAVE
FOUND THAT MAP!



ROUTE AFTER AN HOUR THEY
SEE A BRIGHT ORANGE ON THE PLATE
ON THE OLD STAGE STATION

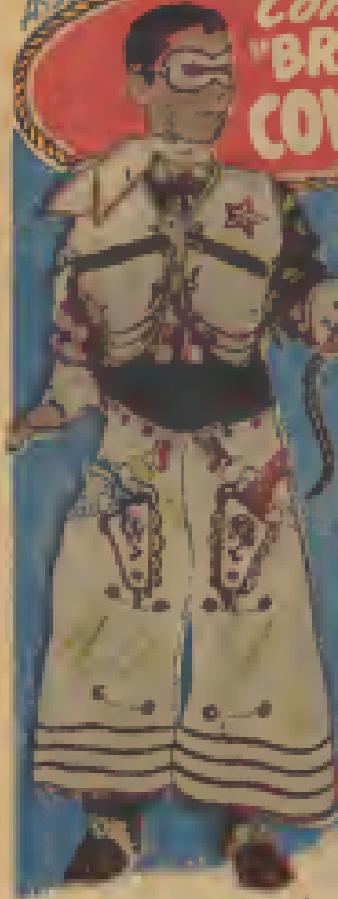
CAUTION FORGOTTEN IN THESE
CLOUDS THE OUTLAW CAMP
AROUND THE TREASURE REVEALED
IN THE SWING SUN

A ARMED HOHO CATCHES THEM
COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE. THEIR
HAIRY FRIENDS IN THE JEWELS AND
MONEY—INSTEAD OF PLEASANT



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卷之三十一

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the DURANGO KID

HERE'S A
NEW
DANGER —
BONN IN
ONE EYE,
MOUNTAIN
MAN,
AND BROUGHT
TO A CRAZY
CITATION
THAT
PLATES THE
EARTH
ALREADY!
BUT A
MOUNTAIN IS IN
DANGER, AND
A MOUNTAIN
MUST BE
SOLVED AND
THE DURANGO
KID
BROKE THE TRAIL
ON AVERAGE
TODAY.

THE
BLASTS
DOOM!

KAR-ROOOOM!



THIS EARTH IS DANGEROUS, BUT...



...IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE IT!

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, GARTHORN —
YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE YOUR CHARACTERS.
THAT WAS A GOOD JOB...GLAD I HAD
YOU.

I DO ANY
BUT
NOT WORKS.





SEVENTY MONTHS LATER—DURANGO, RETURNING FROM A VACATION, MARCHES BY THE ABANDONED
UNDERGROUND TUNNEL...



TOO EARLY A BURGLAR THROUGH
THAT TUNNEL, WOULD HAVE BEEN A DOOF THING, BUT
WHAT MOTHER STOLE LIES BURIED UNDER THE TUNNEL OF
ROCK, AND HIS COMPANY'S GONE BANKRUPT...



YES, THAT WAS A BAD ACCIDENT—
BUT, MOM, WHAT CAN THAT GIRL BE
DOING DOWN THERE?



A BALETTI SOMEBODY—SOMEBODY
SHOOTING AT ME!



BLADES! SOMEBODY SHOOTING AT
ME FROM THOSE ROCKS... LET'S GET
AWAY! I'LL KEEP HER PRIMED
DOWN WITH MY FIRE...!

BLADES!
BLADES!

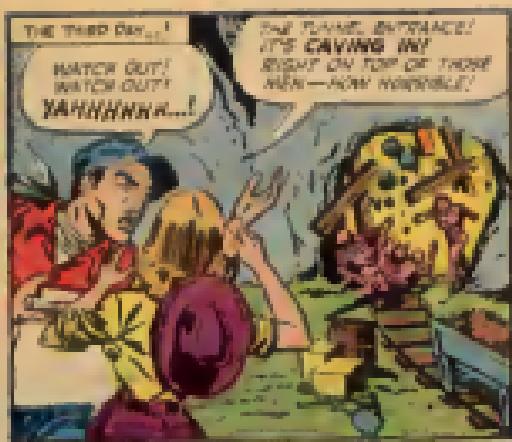


“WHY THE HELL
ARE YOU HELLIN’?

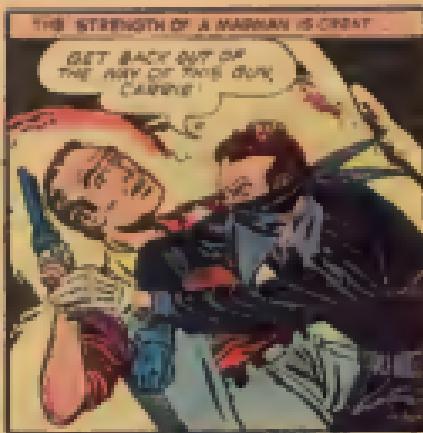


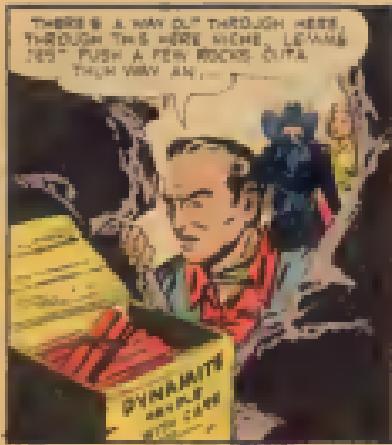
MAN... I'M SORRY! BUT I'M GOING TO
A MIGHTY BLACK CUSTOMER! WELL, I'D
BETTER GET DOWN AND PAY MY RESPECTS
TO THE YOUNG LADY...











AMAZING! AT TREMENDOUS SAVINGS!

NEWEST RECORDS

18

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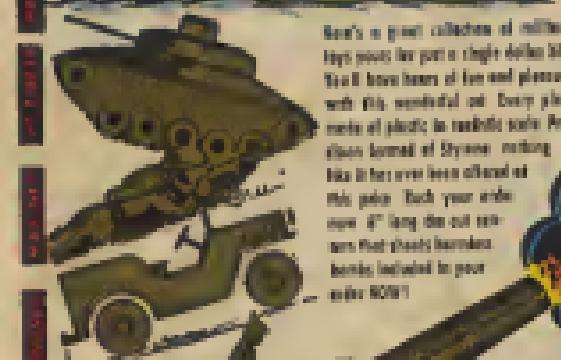
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